Daemon Shorts - A Collection

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Daemon Shorts - A Collection

by fictionalfaerie

Summary

In the process of trying to get a feel for the daemons I've ended up with for Hannibal and Will, I've been filling prompts over on the kink meme and playing with them for a snippet here and there~
Finally decided to de-anon and collect them all up over here.

Ratings and pairings vary by chapter.
Each chapter can be read as a standalone or not, although they're written without much thought to continuity, so it's probably better to read them without trying to make sense of a bigger story.

Notes

Chapter one would be rated PG, perhaps? Not explicit in the least, even a little bit.
Can be read as pre-Hannibal/Will or gen.

Prompt used was this one, that simply requested touching each other's daemons, fluff or angst, so on and so forth.

These are written as part of a daily writing exercise and are not edited beyond a quick read through as I write, after I write, and before I shared on DW.

Hannibal's daemon is an amur leopard named Velia.
Will's daemon is a coyote named Brina.

I spent far too much time thinking on them and Googling meanings for this and that.

In Which There is Sleeping and Discovering

The first time Hannibal touches Brina, it is in the midst of a session, technically. There's very little discussion going on, however, as Will has fallen asleep. He's sliding quietly down the chair, more and more steadily.

After some deliberation, Hannibal decides it might be best if he moves Will to the couch, rather than the chair. He's less likely to startle himself awake that way, leaving plenty of time for Hannibal to observe him and attend to some other things that need attending. He lifts Will gently, noting as he does that Brina doesn't immediately appear at his side to growl- such as she usually does when someone touches him. He deposits him carefully enough that Will doesn't awaken, and then he glances for Brina. After a moment, he finds her. She seems to have given in, asleep under the chair Will had been in, looking just as out of it.

He ponders for a moment, knowing how wild- how almost violent- she can get when she loses track of him. He's seen it a couple of times, and while he fears her not in the slightest, he'd really rather not be forced to harm her or Will. He waits a few moments, and then leans down, sliding the chair as he does, so that he can lift her.

Unlike Will, she starts to wake, quietly and slowly without any of her general jumpiness. He feels her tense, so he makes some soft shushing noises, making sure she's angled where she sees her WIll. She cocks her head, eyeing him, and seems to decide it's acceptable as she realizes what he's doing. She snuffles against him, letting herself drowse back off.

When Will eventually wakes, he is quick to put two and two together, to realize he's been moved from where he initially dozed off. Hannibal is at his desk, quietly conducting some business on the phone from what he can see, and before he can make to move, Brina lifts her head.

"He moved us," she murmurs against him, pressing the words into his neck.

"Us?" he hums back, equally as quiet.

She nods, and he glances down to see her pensive face, as she agrees, "Us."

The first time Will touches Velia isn't actually the first time. She often slinks against him or rubs against Brina, quietly and seemingly accidental, much like Hannibal does to them. Will touches back occasionally, when she's initiated it... but the first time he makes the move, the first time he touches her without any prompting, is the day he's figured out who the Chesapeake Ripper really is.

More accurately, right after.

He and Hannibal are discussing a case, Brina curled up around his ankles and Velia lounging on a nearby bookcase. They're getting close on the newest case- bodies strewn haphazardly

about with letters carved into the various pieces. They can't find any correlation between the letters- no anagrams or the like- and it's driving him crazy. He can almost wrap his brain around it- keeps having things slip off the tip of his tongue before he can open his mouth to let them out...

He gets frustrated, jumps up and starts pacing, Brina stretching as she follows along.

Later on, he won't even remember what it is Hannibal says. But whatever it is, he will remember the way it rings out in his brain. He knows what to look for with this case--- but he also knows what to look for in the Ripper case. No, not what to look for. What he very distinctly hasn't been looking for.

He's sure Hannibal knows. He can feel Hannibal tense just as much as he can feel himself tense. Neither of them say anything as he mulls it over in his head, continuing his pacing, not even revealing his revelation on this case- let alone on the Ripper's identity.

The moment passes and Hannibal prompts him to continue, clearly waiting for the fallout. Instead, Will tells him what they're looking for with this case.

"And what is to be done about this?" Hannibal asks. Will knows, as much as he's ever known anything, that Hannibal isn't referring to the case at hand anymore, even if he pretended to be with his previous question.

Will pauses at the shelf next to Velia, locking eyes with her in a way that usually makes him squirm. She holds his gaze steadily- and that's when Will feels Brina get it- until Will lets out a shaky breath, reaching out a hand and running his fingers over Velia's silky back.

"I guess. Uh. I guess we just keep on going," Will responds, voice wavering.

He can feel Hannibal's smile all the way through Velia.

In Which There Is A Hospital

Chapter Notes

Chapter two is rated PG13 for language and violence.
Gen, although could be read as pre-Hannibal/Will if you get all squinty eyed and look at it right, I suppose.

Prompt used was this one, in which the prompter wanted daemon touching with fluff or angst.

Again, not edited beyond three quick read-throughs as I wrote, previewed, and posted on DW.

Will wakes up slowly. His eyes flutter, his hand twitches, his nostrils flare... she takes this all in before glancing toward Brina. The coyote is unconscious still, eyelids not even trembling in the way that suggests she's chasing demons in her sleep. Satisfied, and feeling the way Hannibal sleeps on behind her, Velia jumps lightly onto the bed, stretching as she lands- giving Will time to figure out what's happening.

"It is good to see you awake," she says quietly, hoping not to wake Hannibal up. He's been uncharacteristically worried about Will. She isn't entirely sure what it means, but she's content to sit back and watch how it plays out. It's not as if she doesn't keep enough of his secrets already.

He takes a few deep breaths before responding, "Have I been out long?"

She nods in response, "A day and a half. Do you remember what happened?"

She watches as he purses his lips, thinks about it, "I was- we were at the scene... the Morgans?"

She nods encouragingly, deciding to press on. Will Graham has already shown that he is infinitely more comfortable dealing with animals than humans, whether they're the strays he and Brina gather or just speaking to daemons instead of their humans. Hannibal had expressed great frustration regarding Will and Brina being attacked, and even more frustration regarding the fact that he didn't know why they had bothered returning to that scene.

"No one is really sure why you went back, Will Graham. Your Jack Crawford? He was asking questions we did not care for him to be asking. Perhaps you will give us some insight?"

"I, uh. Fuck- Brina, is she--- did they get him--- is Brina---"

"She is here, to the left of your feet?" She pauses long enough for him to check, feel the canine breathing against him, "They did not capture your assailant, Will. Now, why did you return?"

"I realized that I'd been wrong. He wasn't- he didn't know them. He just wanted to; he convinced himself that they, uh, they knew him like he knew them? I don't- I don't think I can really overly explain it. That's why I was going back. I'd hoped I could figure it out, wrap my brain around it."

She stretches once more, then lays down, front paws resting close to his hand as it clenches restlessly. He doesn't want to talk about this, but Hannibal expressed his need to know what had happened, and she's certain Will is going to choose to be silent on the subject the minute Hannibal asks. At the very most, he'll speak in half truths and hide behind his glasses until he can use Brina and her medication as an escape.

"And did you?"

His words take a bit longer, "I got lost in it. I got so lost that I--- fuck, Velia. He was coming at me from behind me in front of a mirror. I looked right at him, but I was so far... so far gone. I just thought... I just thought it was me."

His hand spasms, and Velia moves slowly, making sure he can see her intentions, before pressing the top of her head into it. He doesn't respond at first, but when she goes to withdraw, he presses his fingertips in and lets out a shaky breath.

"If Brina hadn't been attacked, if his daemon--- it was a Capuchin, that might help them get him, right?" At her nod, he continues, "If she hadn't bitten Brina, if Brina hadn't wailed, I don't know if I would have snapped out of it."

She is silent, letting him mull things over, checking briefly on Brina (still quiet, still motionless aside from the breathing) and Hannibal (head slumping a bit more than it was, pretending to sleep now, she's sure of it). She is beginning to doze as Will speaks again.

"What if she hadn't had time to make a noise, or what if it had come at her from a different angle, stopped her?"

She remains quiet, knowing that he knows the answer on his own and doesn't need to hear her confirmation. They would likely both be dead, or Brina at the least. The boot print on her back would have happened right after the noise, Velia's sure, an effort to silence her. Had Will not snapped out of it and realized when he did...

Velia rises and slinks her way up to lay against his shoulders, reaching a paw up to rest against his face. She runs her cheek against his and makes soothing noises, purring in what she hopes is a comforting way, until he dozes off.

"Sleep well, Will Graham," she murmurs. At that, Hannibal lifts his head, smiling at her.

"Did I get what you needed?" she asks, words barely a whisper so as not to disturb Will, who has wrapped a hand around her body and is quite clearly cuddling her to his chest now. The

sensation is... odd. She is used to having to occasionally use herself to gain others' trust for Hannibal, however those that touch her always meet an end that is less than pleasant for them. She doubts, very highly, that Will Graham will meet the same end... which is probably good, considering his touch feels drastically different from the many others.

"You did well, Velia. Are you-"

"Good. Then go back to sleep, Hannibal. You've lost enough."

His lips quirk, and he smiles affectionately before arranging himself into a more comfortable position, clearly content to follow her suggestion.

In Which There Are Control Issues

Chapter Summary

...and blow jobs.

This chapter is rated all explicit like! I suppose? I might get away with mature. Better safe than sorry, though.
This chapter is most definitely Hannibal/Will!

Written for this prompt, which requested daemon touching during sex. I messed up and did "first time" rather than their specified "this isn't the first time" request, so I will probably tackle it again at some point.

Not edited beyond the read through as I wrote, previewed, and posted on DW.
(Also, disclaimer, this is the first time I have attempted a sex scene in... years. Literal years. Oops.)

Hannibal thrives knowing that he is constantly in control of his life. Having once had so little control, it is both a personal triumph and a comfort to know that never again will he find himself in such a position as he once was. He has extended this control to every aspect of his life- emotions, interactions with others, even with thoughts that last more than a very fleeting second. Everything about him is calculated and chosen. On the rarest of occasions, when rage or terror or some other emotion decides to flare up enough to risk him being impulsive, Velia is there, quick to diffuse him.

When he first met Will Graham, after his initial consideration that perhaps those cheeks and that quick and sharp tongue would make a particularly appetizing arrangement (and how what a shame it was that the coyote with him would be a meal so far below what Velia deserved), he decided that the far more appetizing thing would be watching as he swayed and trembled before crashing and shattering. Especially if Hannibal could extend his control onto that as well. What he never considered was that while was busy breaking down every barrier and ounce of control Will had, Will would be slowly breaking down some of his barriers and some of his control. Velia, who shared his love of control for the same reasons as his own, had agreed that keeping the coyote in the dark would be an absolute lovely game.

In hindsight, he should have expected this and adapted. After all, that's why it happened. Hannibal rather suspected that Will had no clue what he was doing, but was rather subconsciously doing it to save himself from a threat he hadn't even really figured out was a threat yet. That was the danger of Will, after all, all that empathetic potential lying in wait, barely scraped into as Will thrust himself into situations that called for it... It stood to reason that deep down, Will would figure out what was happening, even without words for it, without it even setting off alarm bells within to warn him away from Hannibal.

The troubling part was that he didn't even notice the way he started losing these bits to Will. In truth, he noticed it with Velia. Velia was quick to soothe Brina whenever she started to bristle (which he'd at first written off as her keeping Brina from suspecting the way he encouraged Will to splinter) and was quick to stand between her and any other daemons who might be around. But also, Velia had established a sort of trust between she and Will- one that he knew he had himself with Will, even if Will related to animals a bit more easily, and thus hadn't questioned as it started... and it certainly never stopped her from prodding too sharply when the two of them conversed or knowing just how to make him doubt himself... but there was a certain air of... adoration that rolled out of her whenever he passed by.

Hannibal did not comment on this, but instead began watching himself, and as such Hannibal found he had become irrationally protective of Will against the actions of anyone else (save himself, naturally) and found himself watching with more intent than he wanted to admit as Will did things ranging from losing himself in the murderer of the day to grinning as he talked about something one of his asinine dogs did.

Once he had figured this out, he spoke with Velia about it, and she was just as surprised at herself as he had been at the both of them. It was her, however, who came up with the solution. The only way to take back complete control was to embrace these changes and use them to their advantage.

Which is how he found himself, merely two weeks later, groaning into Will's mouth as he lowered them onto Will's bed. He could hear the dogs whining at the door, could feel Velia twining herself around Brina at the foot of the bed, but found himself overwhelmed with the way Will's tongue chased his when he went to pull back and gather himself for a moment. He managed to still the man below him, hand pressing into his chest before running down the length of it, stopping as he caught at the shirt's edge and delighting in pulling it up and off. He heard the rips as he did so and took a bit of satisfaction at that. It was a dreadful shirt, after all. All of Will's shirts were. Hannibal allowed himself a moment to imagine Will dressed in a three piece suit, cuff-links and pocket square, and he gave in, diving down to reclaim Will's mouth.

The rest of the clothes, from Will's pants and underwear to Hannibal's own much more elaborate ensemble, were a blur. He was certain he would never be able to retrace their path from their bodies to the floor, and he knew that later he would hiss out his anger at the futility this exercise in control was turning into. But for now, he chose instead to hiss in delight as Will wrapped a hand around him and pumped, almost frantic with his own need and the need he was undoubtedly reading off of Hannibal- God, he hadn't even thought about that empathetic nature wrapping itself around him in the thoughts he had entertained about this, plus the added needs of the two daemons that were there as well.

He could feel Brina's skittishness, undoubtedly trying to even the scale back to normal and retain some of Will's uneasiness in the face of it completely disappearing, but he could also feel Velia prowling after her, slinking her way toward the coyote every time she moved. He had no doubt that Velia would get things under control and remove any hesitation the coyote had toward these couplings.

He stilled Will's hand as he felt himself begin thrusting into it, unwilling to allow himself to continue on with that little control. This would go the way he wanted it to, of that he was certain, even if it was going to take a bit more effort than he had initially planned. As Will whined, he lowered his mouth, sliding down Will's body and tasting his neck, his chest, his positively delightful hipbones. Hannibal could not remember the last time he'd lost himself to sensation like this, the last time he'd lost himself in a lover. He knew that wasn't a failing on his mind's part, however, as he knew it was merely the fact that he had never lost himself like this. This exercise was teetering on the edge of a failure, and he could scarcely bring himself to care.

As he took Will into his mouth, he grinned around him as Will began to thrash, body rising up as much as it could with Hannibal's hand on his hip, the other preoccupied at his mouth, sliding in as much as he could for the moment to start Will out right. After a few moments, Will stilled a bit, although he continued to tremble and clench his hands, grabbing at the sheets and keening. How Hannibal had never considered watching this man come apart in this way as well as all the others was beyond him, but it did not matter, because now- with his tongue swirling relentlessly around the tip of Will's penis- he was witnessing it, tasting it, reveling in it.

He could feel Will getting closer, and before he could make the decision as to whether he should pull off and continue things elsewhere or continue on and then drive Will completely over the edge by continuing on anyway, Will began half flailing, hands flying up and slamming down to grasp the sheets again before repeating the action.

What stilled them both, however, was when his hand came down on Velia- stilling it's force as soon as fur touched, long before he had the chance to hurt her, and hesitating. Hannibal could feel the trembling even more greatly as he pulled back to mouth at Will's hip, and groaned loudly when he realized it wasn't just Will's trembling he could feel, but his own as well. Velia's spike of arousal went straight through to him. He could feel Will trying to decide if he should continue this accidental caress or remove his hand when Velia made the decision for him, arching up into him and forcing his hand to run along her back. She growled out her intent as she reached a large paw toward Brina, pulling the smaller canine toward her without any hesitation now.

Will was thrusting his hips in the air now, desperately trying to get friction, making Hannibal's nips to hipbone sharper as it rose, leaving marks and serving only to make him groan.

Despite Velia's obvious interest in the proceedings and Will's own desperation, he was still hesitant with her, so Hannibal seized the opportunity to gain the upper hand, and reached up, burying his hand in the fur between Brina's ears. Will's head slammed backwards, and all hesitation was lost. As Hannibal kissed his way back up Will's chest, free hand now attempting futilely to reach the night stand Will had indicated when Hannibal had asked, between kisses, if he had the necessary items for them to continue things the way they were headed, Hannibal groaned out his own frustration- at the distance to the stand, at the need for moremoremore, at the way this whole thing was going...

As he pulled himself up, he allowed himself to glare at Velia, sprawled out and nuzzling her way between Will and Brina, and upon making eye contact with her, muttered, "This isn't working out very well."

He could see her body shake with laughter as Will floundered up, reaching for the stuff himself, mistaking the commentary as something directed at him, "Sorry, sorry, here, let me..."

Hannibal pressed a hand to his eyes briefly, before removing it so that he could take in the expanse of skin the man presented up to him as he shoved things out of his way in the drawer. A moment's hesitation only, and then he gave in, and did indeed let Will handle it.

After all, Hannibal had always held two things true about himself- he was a man who was constantly in control and he was a man with a great deal of intellect. And while the control may have left him, he was at least smart enough to know when to admit defeat.

In Which There Are Five Interactions - Daemon Style

Chapter Summary

So, in writing my Big Daemon Fic, I realized I was having issues with the daemon voices on their own- not necessarily in relation to Hannibal and Will, so I decided to have a bit of a go with them as the focus.

As such, there's very little interaction with the humans in this one, which might not be everyone's cup of tea?

Chapter Notes

Rated... teenish? Canon-level violence and whatnot.
Mentions the pairing of Hannibal/Will (and, I suppose, probably Brina/Velia?)

Wrote about Franklyn, Tobias, and Alana's daemons, too, although I'm not sold on them, so they may change for my Big Daemon Fic, if they're even included.
(Currently a ferret, a serval, and a chinchilla, for the record)

(Um, also, I am blown away by how many hits and subscribers and kudos and just everything that this little collection has. It really makes my heart swell and kind of makes me want to hug everyone and maybe cry a little. ♥)

ONE

Brina woke up slowly, shaking her head in an effort to clear her vision up. It didn't work, so she closed them tightly, shifting carefully, trying to assess the situation.

Will was resting on the same bed she was, so she relaxed a little bit. She wasn't exactly sure where they were, but they were together, which was the important part. She could smell Hannibal nearby, and Velia even closer. That was a good sign, too. Probably.

She tried opening her eyes again, and managed to determine that she was on a hospital bed, with Will hooked up to a bunch of tubes. She was curled against his legs, and had something light attached to her, probably a monitor of some sort? Probably. Velia, surprisingly, was curled against his side, Will's hand resting against her head. Hannibal was in a seat beside the bed, sleeping lightly- she was pretty sure he was on the verge of waking up.

The worrying thing was that she couldn't remember getting here. She forced herself to relax as she thought on it, trying to retrace their steps as she last remembered them...

Will hadn't been comfortable after the last scene, had been sure that something was escaping him... so they'd gone back, despite her wanting to wait for someone to accompany them... they'd gone back... and he'd... he'd gotten stuck in it. The killer's design had been elaborate and he'd lost himself in it, murmuring things that left her trembling and on edge, almost lost with him--- but she'd stopped herself from getting too involved and had focused on following him, keeping an eye. And then something had hurt, sharp and painful, and she'd howled...

It had been the killer, hadn't it? She hadn't smelled them coming because it was a scent that was already all over the place, and she'd been so preoccupied with Will, and there was such an overwhelming smell of blood in the place now... She hadn't smelled them coming and she'd let him down. The daemon, whatever it had been- she didn't even remember-, had jumped her and bit her, and it was all she could do to struggle and chomp down on the killer's leg, making him howl, even while she couldn't get a noise through whatever the guy's daemon had bitten through on her neck. After that, she didn't remember much. He must have snapped Will out of it, if they were here and not just completely dead.

She raised her head a bit, hoping to get a better look at Will and not have to move, given how her whole body trembled with anguish when she did, pain and searing frustration shooting through her.

Velia's head rose and met her gaze, though. "He's well," the leopard said in response to the question she couldn't bring herself to voice.

She'd thought about responding, but felt herself beginning to get drowsy anyway, so she nodded her thanks and laid her head back down, resting above his knees.

TWO

Velia doesn't have much time for hatred, normally. It's a frustrating thing that isn't really suiting of a lady such as her. Disdain, certainly. But hatred? Not so much.

That said, Velia completely hated Amora. The ferret made her skin crawl, her fur stand on edge, and her tail twitch. She was relatively sure it wasn't just Hannibal's general disgust with Franklyn bleeding through, either. She was usually good at identifying her feelings versus Hannibal's, even if they did tend to bleed together a lot- especially with his habit of repressing feelings. They had to go somewhere, after all. No... this hatred was entirely hers.

She hated the way the ferret tried to sidle closer to her and the way the ferret shied away as soon as she would yawn, baring her teeth as she did so- careful not to be downright hostile, but rather 'accidentally' intimidating. She hated the way the ferret would try to make conversation with her and would follow her up to the bookshelves when she tried to retreat.

When she watched Hannibal snap Franklyn's neck, watched as the ferret seized in horror, she took a great bit of delight in extending her claws- one quick, vicious swipe- across the entire body, but just enough pressure that it wasn't too wide, so that it could easily be blamed on Tobias' serval.

Yes. She didn't often indulge in hatred, but it did make her satisfaction at that death all the more sweet.

THREE

Brina found it easy to adore Von. Small and compact and just--- something about him made her want to nuzzle into his thick fur, curl her body around him and protect him, keep him safe and content. He seemed to be fond of her, as well, which pleased her.

The small chinchilla would chitter happily when he saw her, making sure to come over and chat quietly with her, never shying away despite the drastic size difference between them.

She admired that fearlessness. It wasn't something she encountered in many daemons smaller than her- most of them shied away, worried over her large paws and her sharp teeth, skittish in regards to their humans' feelings on Will and his... less that sociable persona.

She didn't think he got that from Alana, either- because even the daemons that had humans who weren't unsure of Will tended to skirt around her. She supposed it had to do with the intensity with which she watched them, ready to protect Will at a moment's notice.

FOUR

Velia is completely unimpressed with Will's pack.

They're well behaved, certainly. None of them seem inclined to act aggressive, which is good. She's sure that killing one of his dogs would not go over well with Will Graham. Or with Brina, for that matter, as she probably fancies herself the leader of the pack.

She holds her head high as she paces through them, jumping sleekly up onto the nearest surface as soon as it's available- the couch back, sometimes. The counter, the table, and on one occasion, even Will's headboard.

Brina, when she's around, watches with a slight bit of amusement, tracking her movements with her eyes, but never commenting.

It's really for the best... she'd hate to offend Will or Brina, and she's a bit worried at the fact that it's becoming less and less about ruining Hannibal's intentions and more and more about keeping their affection for herself...

FIVE

Brina looks at Velia in the middle of the night, both of them awake as their boys sleep soundly. Velia flicks an ear in lieu of asking what Brina is holding back. Brina snuffles a bit, squirming as she tries to decide whether to hold the question in or not.

Finally, she asks, as quietly as she can manage so as not to wake them, "How? Or... no. Why? Why do you- how do you...?"

Velia doesn't break her gaze, doesn't even glance away when Brina has to turn her head to break it herself before working up the nerve to look back, "Because he is mine, and there is

nothing I would deny him."

Brina thinks about it, Velia can tell, and after a bit, nods. Velia's worries, worries she didn't even realize she had, dissipate as Brina shifts to stretch against her side.

Velia may not know where things go from here- this may all be new territory- but she is content in the moment. It is odd, this trust. But then again, Will Graham and his silly coyote, they are odd, too.

In Which There Is An Escape And A Reunion...

Chapter Summary

Book/Movie canon take on the same characters and whatnot~

Chapter Notes

1) First, I'd like to take a moment to say that I'm pleased to be getting back to these guys! But also, pleased to be getting back to writing in general! I've started a writing specific Tumblr!!!
FictionalFaerie.Tumblr.com ~!!!
It is 100% ALWAYS open to prompts- so if you want specific daemon bits? Go prompt! If you want non-daemon things? Go prompt!
Open to quite a few fandoms, too.
I've a horrible habit of- even if I answer with just a short response to a prompt- spending too much time backstorying, and then suddenly, boom, 6000 words instead of 6 sentences. ;D

Now that I've got that self promotion out of the way...

2) It's been a while since I tackled this, courtesy of that insane monster I hammered out... but I've had Velia and Brina prodding at me a bit.

I'm a wretched person and have been holding out on season two, knowing I was too impatient and would never be able to wait out Mason without screeching in rage to just give him to me already- and now that it's time, I don't have time to sit and binge my way through. Ugh, worst.

This chapter/scene, therefore, is a return to my roots, the books/movie canon. There's more to it, but this is the first bit and I felt the need to share it, so~
Here you go!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will’s napping on the porch when the call comes in, doesn’t even hear it, really. He only wakes up because Brina nips at his leg until he startles awake. He fumbles for the phone, answering it clumsily and glaring at Brina for waking him up.

It ends up being someone calling on behalf of the FBI. It’s a courtesy call to let him know that, oh, hey, by the way, Hannibal Lecter’s escaped custody in Memphis. They’re just giving

him a heads up, what with the whole ordeal with Dolarhyde and the potential danger this escape could put Will in. They advise him to make sure he's in a safe place and to stay alert. He listens, refrains from telling them to go fuck themselves, and thanks them. He doesn't, however, stop Brina from telling them to go fuck themselves and hanging up.

He doesn't sleep that night, instead sits on the dock with Brina curled against his side, all night long. They don't talk, instead just taking in the lake before them and listening to the lap of water against the shore, and if he happens to spend more time than usual reaching up to rub at his face… well, Brina doesn't call him on it.

===

A couple of days pass without incident- not that he'd expected anything- and he gives in to both his and Brina's curiosity, calling up a few folks from the Bureau that he's still on friendly terms with, calling in a few favors and getting some details of the whole thing. It should probably bother him more than it does, but if Brina doesn't call him on it, he won't call himself on it either.

The main thing he keeps coming back to is the part about how he tore off a guy's face and wore it. That in itself barely makes Will blink, which is a bit disconcerting in and of itself if he thinks about it (he doesn't).

Instead, it makes him ask, "Where the hell was Velia during all of that? Wouldn't they notice Lecter's leopard riding along with the guard's body?"

Granted, given the obvious level of competence from the Memphis handlers, maybe they wouldn't have.

Brina shifts around for a moment, obviously uncomfortable with the question he'd tossed out without expecting an answer for, so he raises an eyebrow at her. She finally lays down beside him, still restless, and says, pausing and hesitating her way through, "She told me once… she told me that they'd, ah, they'd used her against him once, separated them? As punishment..."

At Will's look, she shakes her head, shifts even closer to him, "No, she didn't say who or when or for what… just that they'd… he and she, they trained afterward? They worked on it, as hard as they could, to make sure that there wouldn't be another chance for anyone to do that. Do you, do you think that…"

She trails off and pushes closer, uncomfortable with the thought of what training would entail.

A full body shudder runs through Will at the thought of what she's saying, how painful that sort of training has to be. His hand flexes on her, burying itself into her thick fur for a moment, before he answers, "If anyone was crazy enough to put themselves through that, I'd definitely say it'd be Hannibal."

Brina's pretty much in his lap by this point, clearly unnerved. He doesn't say anything, just leans down to press his face to her neck.

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He spots Velia before she spots him. She's sitting by a wall, underneath a tree, watching the children playing in the fountain with their familiars. She's close enough to the crowds that no one's taking note of the lone daemon, yet far away enough that no one's close enough to leave her uncomfortable. Brina hasn't noticed her yet, either, instead hung up on the smells and sights this city has to offer. Will takes advantage of the moment, using it to scan the plaza. Either Hannibal's evading him or he's truly not around, a thought that leaves Will almost twitchy with the urge to grab Brina and pull her closer.

He refrains, though.

Velia looks healthy. Her coat is sleeker and shinier than the last time he saw her. Even from here, he can tell that her eyes are sharper and her weight is back to a healthy weight, back up from the dip it had taken when they'd been incarcerated. He wonders, as her eyes finally catch him and widen in genuine surprise, just what kind of diet she's been keeping lately.

He heads toward her, Brina still oblivious, and watches as she tenses, slightly. She holds her ground, though, as he'd expected her to. She makes him come to her, using that tense energy to straighter her posture. When Brina does spot her, she lets out a whine- and just like that, the tension fades away. They're slow in their approach, however, reluctant to call attention to themselves or her.

They settle on the ground beside her, and she catches Will's eye with as much nonchalance as she can muster, holds his gaze and keeps her head raised almost defiantly. He does the same, and after a moment, she nods- apparently satisfied- and flops into his lap in what is easily the most inelegant move he's ever seen her make. He doesn't hesitate to respond, runs his fingers over her ears as Brina noses at her neck, whining contentedly.

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They'd talked a bit, of nothing important- the weather, the city, what sights Brina and Will had taken in- until the clock tower chimes out six o'clock, at which point she stands and stretches, obviously ready to leave. She leads them to a nearby apartment, where she slides in and catches a latch, letting them in behind her. They follow and are just in time to see Hannibal sliding a python into a vivarium. Will feels his body freeze up, warring between getting out of here before whatever happens can happen and reaching out to touch Hannibal and make sure he's real.

Hannibal's turning, smiling as he hears Velia. "Did you have a good day, darl-" he stops as he sees their guests, eyes focusing solely on Will.

"Hannibal," Will says, nodding in way of greeting. He's proud of how steady his voice sounds, even as he feels like his whole universe is flying apart.

"Well, then. Hello, Will," Hannibal responds, smoothly, eyes never leaving him. After a moment, he manages to get himself to look at Brina, who he grins at. "Brina, hello! Lovely to see you."

Will can feel her hesitate, and he knows she's having the same sort of war inside of her. He knows that she resents him over Dolarhyde, over Will's scar. He knows she blames him for Molly and Willy leaving, and with them Jacques and Annabel. He knows that she hates him for everything that happened between meeting Hannibal and those nights spent in his bedroom and that horrible day in his study and all those hours in the courtroom and everything that's ever brought them together or torn them apart… and for how she can't help throwing herself at him anyway.

Hannibal crouches, catching her easily and rubbing affectionately at her while he asks, "Here to turn me in, Will?"

And his voice sticks, still, managing only to repeat himself, "Hannibal."

But that says it all, because suddenly he's there, hand cupping Will's head as he kisses him- and Will? Will remembers how to breathe, not even having realized he'd forgotten.

Chapter End Notes

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For real, go prompt away~!!!
;D

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